Huth 50. (1-76)

To the worshipful our good benefactor.

IN all lamentable manner, most humbly beseecheth your good Worship, we the miserable multitude of very poore distressed prisoners, in the hole of Woodstreet Counter, in nomber Fiftie poore men, or thereabouts, lying vpon the bare boordes, still languishing in great neede, colde and miserie, who, by reason of this daungerous and troublesome time, be almost famished and hunger starued to death: others very sore sicke and diseased for want of reliefe and sustenance, by reason of the great number which dayly increaseth, doth in all humblenes, most humbly beseech your good Worship, euen for Gods sake, to pitie our poore lamentable and distressed cases. And nowe helpe to relieue, and comfort vs with your christian and godly charitie against the holie and blessed time of Easter. And we, according to our bounden duties, do, and will, dayly pray vnto Almighty God, for your long life, and happy prosperitie.

We humbly pray, your christian and godly charitie to be sent vnto vs by some of your seruants.

George Daniel, Canonbury 1832

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A proper new balad in praise of my Ladie Marques.

Whose death is bewailed, To the tune of new lusty gallant.

Ladies I thinke you maruell that
I writ no mery report to you,
And what is the cause I court it not
So merye as I was wont to dooe,
Alas I let you vnderstand,
It is no newes for me to show,
The fairest flower of my garland
Was caught from court a great while a goe.

For vnder the rouke of sweete Saint Paull,
There lyeth my Ladie buryed in Claye,
Where I make memory for her soule,
With weepinge eyes once euerye daye,
All other sightes I haue for got,
That euer in court I ioyed to see:
And that is the cause I court it not,
So mery as I was wont to be,

And though that shee be dead and gone,
Whose courting need not to be tolde,
And natures mould of flesche and bone,
whose lyke now liues not to be holde,
Me thinkes I see her walke in blacke,
In euery corner where I goe:
To looke if anie bodie do lacke,
A frend to helpe them of theyr woe.

Mee thinkes I see her sorowfull teares,
To princelye state approching nye
Mee thinkes I see her tremblinge feares,
Leste anie her faites shulde hit a wrie,
Mee thinkes she shuld be still in place
A pitifull speaker to a Queene,
Bewailinge euery poore mans case,
As many a time shee hath ben seene.

Mee thinkes I see her modeste mood
Her comlie clothig plainlie clad,
Her face so sweete her cheere so good,
The courtlie countenance that shee had
But cheke of all mee thinkes I see,
Her vertues dentie daie by daie,
Homblie kneeling one her knee
As her desire was still to praie.

Mee thinkes I told from morow to night
Do no thing ells with verie good will,
But spend the time to speake and writte:
The praise of my good ladies still
Though reason saith now she is dead
Go seeke and sarue as good as shee
It will not sinke so in my head
That euer the like in courte will bee.

But sure I am ther liueth yet,
In court a dearer frinde to mee,
Whome I to sarue am so vn fit,
I am sure the like will neuer bee,
For I with all that I can dooe,
Unworthie most maie seeme to bee
To vndoo the lachet of her shooe,
Yet will I come to courte and see.

Then haue a mongste ye once a gaine,
Faint harts faire Ladies nouer win,
I trust ye will consider my payne,
When any good Venison cometh in,
And gentill Ladies I you praie,
If my absentinge breede to blame,
In my behalfe that ye will saie,
In court is remedie for the same.

¶ Finis. q. W. Elderton.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fletestreat
beneath the Conduit, at the signe
of S. John Euangelist, by
Thomas Colwell.

A New Ballad againſt vnthriftes.

When raging louts with feble braines,
moſte wilfully wyl ſpend awaye:
And eke cõſume moze thẽ their gaines,
in riotyng al the longe day.
And ſpend with him that wil ſpend moſte:
yet of their gaine they need not boſte.

When drunken Drunkerds will not ſpare,
the Alehous daily foz to plye:
But ſit and tipple there full ſquare,
and to their gaines wil haue no eye.
Noz will not ceaſe I warrant ye:
ſo long as they haue one penny.

When ruſſling roiſters wil beſtowe,
vpon their backs ſuche fine aray:
And be not wurth that whiche they owe,
falling therby in to decay.
yet wil they ſet theron a face:
and bragge and crake it out a pace.

When liuely lads wil plye the dice,
conſuming there away their good:
No man wil count them to be wice,
but rather to be mad oz wood.
Foz when that all their money is gone:
then are they dreſſed like a mome.

When laſie loiterers will not wurk:
and honeſtly their liuings get:
But had rather in cozners lurk,
then that they wold with labor ſwet.
Therfoze no welth they can attain:
but liue in trouble and in pain.

When doting doltes wil enterpriſe,
to wurk ſuche feates as I haue tolde:
Not ceaſſing foz to exerciſe,
wozſe deeds then thoſe w courage bold.
Then ſome do lay their cotes to gage:
til that they haue receiued their wage.

Then ſome the Counter oft doo kiſſe,
if that the money be not paid:
Oz if that they their day doo miſſe,
foz whiche to gage their Cote was laid:
Yet wil they not by this take heed:
but ſtil continew to pzoceed.

Then ſome therby their credit loſe
ſo that no wiſe man wil them truſt:
Wherfoze they can no lenger gloſe,
but rub and reuel not they muſt.
Foz wherſoeuer they become:
they are not ſo wel truſt as knowne.

Then ſome at length do beg their bread,
who if in time they had been wiſe:
Might wel haue had inough to fed,
them ſelues, their childzẽ & their wiues:
But when that all is gone and ſpent:
it is to late then to repent.

Then ſome to pilfer doo begin,
but aſſone as they be eſpied:
With whips they are laid on the ſkin,
at a carts ars being wel tied.
But al this can not thoſe amend:
that wil doo miſchefe to the end.

Then ſome pzocced to rob and kyl,
counting al fish that comes to net:
And yf that they might haue their wil,
foz right oz wzong they wuld not let.
Til at the laſt they fall in bands:
and can not eſcape out of hands.

Then ſome at Newgate doo take ſhip,
ſailing ful faſt vp holborne hil:
And at Tibozn their ancker ſ pithe,
ful ſoze in deed againſt their wil.
But then it is to late I ſay:
to cal againe the yeſter day.

Wherfoze al ye that vſe this trade,
leaue of betimes yf ye be wiſe:
Leſt that perchaunce this way ye wade,
ful ſoze againſt your owne deuiſe.
Foz heer ye ſee the end of ſuche:
as litle haue and wil ſpend muche.

¶ Finis.
quoth. W.F.

(1) (2)

¶ Imprinted at London at the long
ſhop adioining vnto Saint mildzeds Churche in the Poultry,
by John Alde.